

Weaving Contradictions by Homiestasis

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Summary:

Frank Morrison is a bastard.

Steve despised him.

Steve might've sucked the bastard's cock a few times, too.

Weaving Contradictions

Author's Note:

Catch me out here pushing the Morrington Agenda because only like three other people ship this and that's a crime.

[Here's a playlist I made to go along with the fic!](#)

A scream rose from the gloom, cresting in pitch until it falls silent at last, as sudden as it first appeared.

The haze of concentration he had managed to obtain while he worked on fixing the generator dissipated in a rush of nonexistent breeze at the same time realization settled like lead inside his bones. With a grief-stricken sigh, he dropped his tools back inside the box and stood. There would be no need for the generators anymore.

Steve Harrington was the last survivor.

It wasn't surprising though, the team chosen by the Entity for this trial was ill-fitted for group work after all, but he had harbored some hope that maybe, *just maybe* they could pull through this once and get out of the Red Forest before the killer downed them all.

Not for the first time, and probably not the last time either, he felt foolish for harboring any hope in the first place.

A rustle of leaves to his right forcefully dragged him out of his thoughts, reminding him that while he didn't have to worry about fixing generators anymore, if the killer found him before he found the hatch then it would be the end. And maybe it was him but he didn't fancy getting a part of his psyche swallowed by a weird ancient Spider Goddess in the sky.

Be careful. Find the hatch. Get the hell out of here.

It was an easy plan. Something he could definitely manage. There was just one little flaw on it that didn't become evident until the very last moment when a swift hand moved to cover his mouth at the same time a strong arm wrapped around his waist pulling him against a firm chest.

He didn't know who the killer was.

"Look at what we have here..." An involuntary shiver went down Steve's spine as the achingly familiar voice whispered in his ear. "Going somewhere, doll?"

Of course, it had to be this bastard. Out of all the other killers who could've been on this trial, it had to be *this* one. The one he could absolutely not stand in the slightest, stabbing tendencies aside. Legion. The leader, specifically. Dubbed Smiley in lack of a proper name despite how much it seemed to annoy the killer.

Steve despised him.

Steve might've sucked the bastard's cock a few times, too.

With the hand still covering his mouth, he couldn't snark back at the killer no matter how much he might want to but it didn't stop him from growling low in his throat to make his displeasure known. Being this close, it was hard to miss it when the killer smirked against the skin of his neck.

He refused to admit how hot that was.

"Feisty aren't ya? And here I thought you enjoyed our quality time." A laugh this time, cocky and self-assured. "At least that's how it sounded to me last time you were choking on my cock, doll."

Embarrassment heated his cheeks at the crass words but even he couldn't deny the sliver of truth in them. The killer had offered first, yeah, but it had been Steve who had accepted. No one ever forced him to do any of those things and yet he still did them.

And he knew, despite how many lies he continued to tell himself, that he had been looking forward to this too.

The killer must've sensed his compliance because the hand on his mouth lowers, latching onto his neck instead with a grip that's firm but not worryingly restrictive. It sends a jolt of arousal through him that curls low in his belly.

"If I do this, will you give me the hatch?" Just another step on the

game they played, a simple comfort for Steve to hide behind and convince himself it was the only reason he agreed with any of this.

A thinly veiled lie so he could keep looking his teammates in the eye and assure them all he felt for the killers was loathing. Nothing else.

"Sure, but is that really what you want?"

Calloused fingers slid under the hem of his powder blue sweater, touching the skin underneath with a possessive intensity that spoke leagues about the kind of man he was. In his mind, Steve was his to claim, and any deviation from that he took as a personal offense.

(Steve's not sure how he found out about Quentin kissing him but it had been hell trying to hide the bite marks he had left behind on his neck and thighs.)

"Has nobody ever told you that answering a question with a question is rude?" His breath hitched as rough fingers found their way to one of his nipples and pinched it. Soon enough, the hand around his neck had joined the other, a soft whimper escaping Steve at the ministrations.

"And yet that's exactly what you just did, doll."

The last threads holding his composure together finally snapped. Turning around in the killer's hold, he grabbed him by the collar of his hoodie and smashed their lips together in a kiss that was messy

and full of teeth. There was no finesse to it, just an aching desire and ferality that was more akin to beasts than human beings.

Blood coated their lips at some point, from which of them it originated, neither could tell. It didn't matter. Not when Steve had the killer pressed up against one of the trees, hands occupied fumbling with the belt on those blasted skinny jeans. When a hand came up to meet his, he thought maybe the guy had taken pity on him and was going to help, but instead, he stopped him.

"What are you doing?" Steve hissed, pulling away to glare at the smirking idiot under the mask.

The guy chuckled, sound rumbling like a purr inside his chest, and pressed kisses along his jaws until he reached his ear where he nipped the earlobe. Steve has to bite down on his bottom lip to muffle a whine

"I feel like trying something else today, doll. You game?"

"Something... else?" It was hard to focus on what the killer was saying when his neck was being covered in kisses and bitemarks. At his question, the guy pulled something out of the back pocket of his jeans and raised it for him to see.

In his hand, a half-filled bottle of lube, the printed letters slightly faded from use.

Steve sputtered, a blush rising all the way to his ears. "Where did you even get *that* ?"

"Does it matter?" A pointed nip to his pulse forces him to bite down on his bottom lip, effectively shutting him up. "So... you wanna try?"

Did he *want* to?

Not only did it feel like doing this would change the arrangement they had got going on, but also it was a level of intimacy Steve hadn't had with a guy before. The '80s weren't exactly the most open-minded of times and fooling around with guys as he had, had been risky enough. This wasn't the '80s anymore though, nor was it Hawkins. He wasn't even sure they *could* get sick.

Or maybe, he was overthinking this.

"Fine." He muttered, cheeks red despite the frown on his face. "I want to ask for something, though."

The killer quirked an eyebrow but the smirk on his face only widened. He seemed to find it funny that Steve acted like he was in any position to ask for something, but he would take funny over hostile any day.

"Your name," Steve said firmly, looking the man in the eye. "If we're doing this, the least you could do is give me your name."

"Looking for something to scream, doll?" When Steve's stance didn't change, the guy chuckled. "Frank."

For some reason, he hadn't expected it to be so... *normal* .

"Frank." He tried the name out, feeling the weight and shape of it on his tongue. The hands holding his hips tightened, Frank's brown eyes flashing with an emotion he couldn't quite place but sent a jolt of excitement running through him. It made him want to be bold. "Doesn't seem like the type of name I would scream though."

An honest-to-god growl left Frank then, canines that were definitely sharper than any human ones Steve had felt before sinking down hard at the base of his neck until they drew blood. The shock of pain tinged pleasure dragging out a broken moan out of him, hands struggling to hold onto the killer's shoulders, feeling as if his legs would give out if he tried putting all of his weight on them.

It was a claim. A mark to let anyone who saw it know that he belonged to someone even if they didn't know who.

Steve couldn't decide if he hated it or loved it, but his cock seemed to have made the decision for him.

"Get on your back." An order, not a question.

He quirked an eyebrow at Frank, even as he found the less damp spot among the fallen leaves and laid down. It wasn't exactly comfortable. "Out of all the realms, you had to pick the goddamn forest for this, didn't you?"

"Are you always this whiny about everything?" Frank rolls his eyes at him, at least having the decency to look mildly apologetic about it. Steve guesses he might as well take it.

"Only when I'm about to let a homicidal maniac take my first time from me, despite said maniac making it a habit of stabbing me and my friends to death on a regular basis."

Logically speaking, snarking at the guy still in possession of a very sharp, and very deadly hunting knife might not be the wisest course of action. Then again, getting Frank riled up always meant he was going to end up feeling the results of their... ahem *activities* for days afterwards.

And it was enjoyable, no matter how much he might try to lie to himself about it.

God, he was weird.

"Thought you were a ladies' choice back where you came from?"

How did he-

There's something about the way Frank says that seemingly innocent but as biting as a serrated knife, that rubs Steve in all the wrong ways.

It feels like mockery. Like jealousy.

Who the fuck does this guy think he is?

"Oh sure, let me specify for your little ignorant pea brain then." He droned sarcastically, giving the guy a scathing glare. "My first time having gay sex with another man. Y'know, the one where somebody puts something up your ass. That kind of sex. Do you understand now or do you need a play-by-play of the actions too?"

Fire ignites in those black-brown eyes at his words, and that should scare him. That should *not* send a thrill through him, body shivering in anticipation.

"What I need" Frank growls at him, rough fingers grabbing his jaw in a near painful grip, forcing him to look up into that heated gaze. "It's for you to shut up already. Think you can manage that, doll?"

Steve's cock twitches pitifully inside the confines of his pants, and this time he can't hide the tiny whine that escapes past his lips. It embarrasses him, his hand coming up to cover his mouth and prevent any other weird sounds from getting past his lips.

“Much better.”

And the smug smirk that curls Frank’s lips makes Steve want to punch him.

With his mouth.

And maybe his tongue.

It's hard to get his thoughts to keep a semblance of order when he feels like he's burning from the inside out, nerves alight with every bite, every bruise, and mark that litters his pale skin. His shirt is gone, his pants and underwear soon following, and all he can think about is how they aren't going fast enough.

They fumble in their haste, desperation anointing their every move. It's intimate, personal, aggressive, *bruising* . High on the neurochemicals, dopamine, and oxytocin making everything feel sharper, each touch of roughened fingers searing skin like a brand.

Hungry, open-mouthed kisses follow the map of his muscles, down faintly defined abs and across bare thighs covered in the faintest of freckles. Steve's breath hitches in his throat, sounds loud even behind the gag of his hand. The coldness of lube startles him but he doesn't have enough time to protest because then there's a finger inside him, filling him, and the sensation is so *weird* that it steals the breath from his chest.

A second finger follows the first not long after, and a warbled cry escapes Steve's abused lips. The way his thighs spread on their own, *wanting, needy, obscene* , should make him feel ashamed but he's so far past that now that he doesn't care.

Vaguely, he's aware that he's begging even if the words are muffled by the hand over his mouth. His voice doesn't sound like himself at all. Too whiny. Too breathy. Too *needy* .

He sounds wrecked.

He *feels* wrecked.

Then Frank's on him, *in him* , and it's all Steve can focus on. Well, focus is being generous. There is no way he's able to think right now. Words and action do not matter, and there's no beauty to the way they move together. No love to hold them together, just basal needs older than humans are.

Like beasts, they move against one another, chasing their pleasure and that instinctual need for release that every creature alive has coded in their DNA. Bloodied kisses and harsher bites intermingle with cries, filthy in more ways than one.

It's the most pleasure Steve's ever felt at once, and he knows that after this, there's no way he can go back to the soft, gentle loving of his past relationships.

And when he peaks, it feels like falling. Drowning. Choking. Too much at all at once and still not enough. It hits him like a punch to the face, leaving him gasping for air that refuses to fill his lungs. His vision whites-outs, and he's only vaguely aware that Frank is still moving inside of him.

"D-Don't...not...i-inside." His voice is weak, throat sore from all the screaming he must've been doing, but he knows Frank hears him.

Steve knows because the bastard makes it a point to smirk down at him just before his eyes close, mouth falling open with a low groan as his orgasm washes through him. Despite himself, he's not sure he entirely loathes the feeling.

"You're s-such an asshole." He mutters once Frank's eyes blink open again, but it's clear by the lack of heat in his voice that his heart is not entirely on it.

If asked, he would just blame it on the neurochemicals.

"Guilty as charged." Frank shrugged, a jackal's grin stretching across his lips. Steve had to admit that sexed-up was a good look on him, no matter how much that made his blood boil.

And although making his way back to camp looking like he was attacked by a pack of rabid dogs in heat, is not a prospect he's fond of. Well.

Steve can't really say he hated it.

Author's Note:

Catch me on [Twitter](#) or [Tumblr](#)! I would love to hear from y'all!